

Any Old Interview

By P. L. WHITNEY.

HEADQUARTERS of the General Staff in . . . Aug. 1. (By courier to . . . by troop train to . . . by ox team to . . . by telephone to . . . by rowboat to . . .). (Delayed).—For nearly an hour to-day I talked with General . . . directing genius of the . . . forces in . . . I am the first correspondent to talk with General . . . for nearly an hour. General . . . received me in his private office at General Staff headquarters in the war-torn town of . . . which has a normal population of . . . and before the world cataclysm was noted for the manufacture of . . . Although I arrived at headquarters at . . . o'clock, General . . . had been at work . . . hours. From high official sources I learn that it is his unvarying custom to begin his day at . . . o'clock. I am the first correspondent to learn this fact.

I had expected to find General . . . established in one of the more pretentious residences of . . . ; but in this I was mistaken. The brain centre of an army of . . . million men is in a modest . . . house in an equally modest street. Many staff officers were in evidence, but except for their presence the place might have passed for a . . .

A smart, young . . . of cavalry ushered me into the room where General . . . awaited me. The simplicity of the place astonished me. I had expected it to resemble a . . . ; but it was furnished only with desk, chairs, telephone and . . . s of war maps. Except for this last evidence of . . . 's profession the place seemed to have no connection with a great war. It might have been the office of a . . .

As General . . . rose to greet me I was struck by his resemblance to . . . He is of . . . height, straight as an arrow, with the leathery complexion of a man who has lived much in the open. The most striking feature of his face is the indomitable firmness of his jaw. I am the first correspondent to notice the indomitable firmness of his jaw.

"I am particularly glad to meet you," he said, "for I understand that the . . . which is, I believe, the newspaper you represent, has the greatest circulation in America. It is, therefore, the best medium through which to express my great admiration for the American people."

"A feeling of deep friendship has always existed between . . . and America. Both great nations have ever been ready to draw the sword to defend their equally high ideals of liberty, equality and justice. I know that the American people, whose ancestors fought and died for the same high ideals for which the . . . people are fighting and dying, desire a triumph for the arms of . . ."

I then asked General . . . what he thought about the war. After deliberation he replied as follows:

"It is quite a war. A good many battles have been fought, and the losses have been heavy, although there is no doubt that the . . . losses have been . . . times as heavy as ours."

I then asked General . . . if he expected the war to continue another year.

"Yes and no," he said. "That is, it may and it may not."

I am the first correspondent to whom General . . . has given his opinion as to the duration of the war.

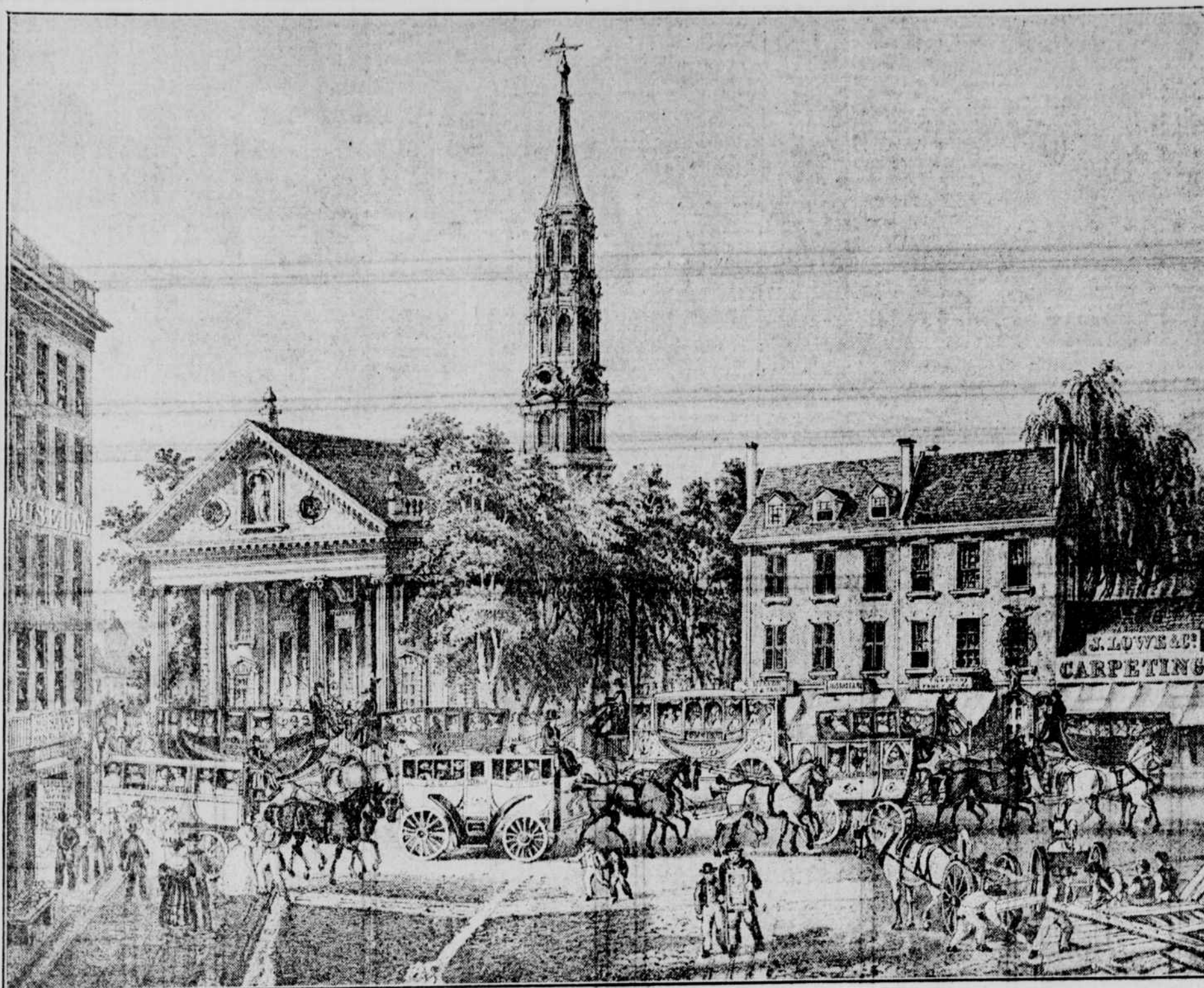
At this juncture General . . . offered me his cigarette case. I filled my own, and then, as we smoked, he described the battle of . . . where the crack . . . Guards performed a feat which I am permitted to transcribe in General . . . 's own words:

It was the . . . st day of the battle. Aeroplanes were in the air and cannon were scattered about the battlefield. The enemy was firing at us and we were firing at the enemy. Men were being killed and wounded. At . . . o'clock I ordered the . . . Guards to charge. They did so."

I am the first correspondent to hear the story of that brilliant feat.

As I walked down the road from headquarters I could hear in the distance the sullen roar of cannon. Suddenly I realized that somewhere men were fighting.

Trolley Strike? Who Cares! Back to the 'Bus!



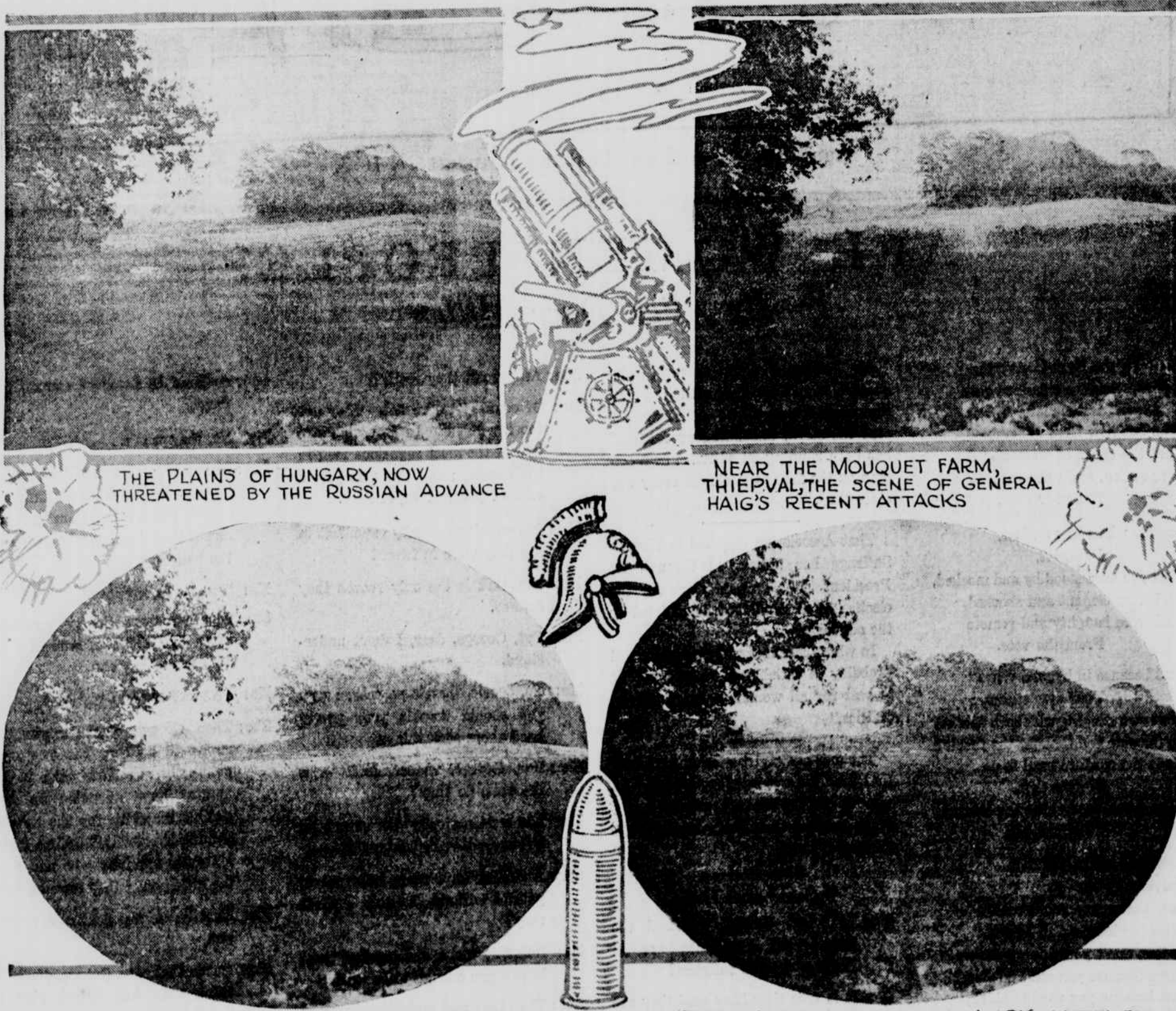
WHEN BROADWAY WAS A PATH FOR STAGES.

WITH New York twice on the point of enforced pedestrianism as a result of a tie-up of its traction system, more than a reminiscent interest attaches to its old 'bus lines. Traffic congestion on Broadway is not a problem of recent growth, as the accompanying old print (1831) will attest, and dead and distant as the 'bus days seem, a strike on the local car lines might possibly have brought some of the ancient stages out of their cobbly retirement and set them up in competition with the livelier if less roomy jitneys.

The town was pretty well covered by 'buses in the days before the Civil War. The New

York Consolidated Stage Company operated most of the lines—a traction trust even in those times—but there was no monopoly, as a list of the independent stage lines plainly shows. In 1858 there were 424 licensed stages operating in New York, the city receiving \$20 annually in fee for each. A list of the lines may jog pleasantly the memories of old New Yorkers, so here goes: T. Townsend & Co., Mackrell & Simpson, Andrews & McDonald, Charles Curtis & Co., Knickerbocker Stage Company, Dry Dock Line, Charles Lent, Sudlow & Siney, Murphy & Smith, Heid & Blackwell, Joseph Churchill, Oscar T. Marshall, J. T. Mills and O'Keefe & Duryea.

We Simply Had to Have Some War Pictures



THE PLAINS OF HUNGARY, NOW THREATENED BY THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE

NEAR THE MOUQUET FARM, THIEPVAL, THE SCENE OF GENERAL HAIG'S RECENT ATTACKS

SCENE IN THE VALLEY OF THE GARONNE FAR FROM THE FURY AND CLASH OF WAR.

TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS. A 1916 VIEW OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE MARNE

Silence, The Gold Brick

THIS is a commonplace story about a commonplace occurrence, but, oh, it has such a sad ending! It has one of the saddest endings we have ever written. It is about a nice young fellow who went to call on a nice young girl.

Clarence Sumpf knew Marion Church in a casual way, and wanted to know her better. Marion knew Clarence, too, and was not averse to further acquaintance. When Clarence asked if he might call some evening, she said "Yes" immediately, and began to debate whether she'd wear her new pearl beads or her Irish lace jabot when he came.

Clarence took the thing very seriously also. He had never called upon a young lady before because he looked upon a deliberate evening call as the initial step to the altar, and he wished to be sure of himself before he made the solemn move. Clarence's mother was built on similar mental lines, and on the night of his date with Marion, when Clarence was standing before his looking glass, trying to make his cowlick stay down, his mother gave him some valuable advice.

"Now, Clarry," she said, "remember! Don't talk the girl to death. So many young men, when they go to call, spend the whole evening in talking about themselves and their affairs. The poor girls never get a word in edgewise. Don't you be like that. Remember that a girl likes a young man to be a good listener, as well as a good talker."

"I'll remember, ma," said Clarence, giving his necktie a final pull.

Marion had a mother, too, and when she came into Marion's room that evening to hook up the two top hooks which Marion could not reach she handed daughter, along with her services, a line of gratuitous counsel.

"If Mr. Sumpf is the young man that I have always understood him to be, and I have known his people for a long while," she said, "he is too sensible a young man to be attracted by a girl who chatters, chatters incessantly. So many girls when a young man comes to call on them spend the whole blessed evening talking about themselves and their own affairs. The poor young man never gets a word in edgewise. Don't you be like that, Marion. Remember that a man likes a girl to be a good listener, as well as a good talker."

"I'll remember, ma," said Marion, giving her bandeau a final yank.

Well, there is no surprise coming. We have purposely made the preliminaries so plain that the most casual reader will guess the outcome. Well-bred greetings over, Clarence and Marion sat and looked at each other; each, as racing reporters would put it, "under a strong pull." Every now and then they would start cackling in a perfectly natural way, perfectly spontaneous and unconstrained, and then, just as they were beginning to enjoy each other's society, they would remember mother's warning.

"This will never do," thought dutiful Clarence; "I must be a good listener."

"I'm talking my head off," thought Marion, "and I promised I wouldn't."

After a while the parlor was as lively as a doctor's waiting room. All you heard was an occasional cough and the TICKING of an unseen clock. Worse still, Clarence and Marion were trying to stifle yawns, and succeeded very badly. Worst of all, they were voting each other "stupid."

What might have ended eventually in a trip to the marriage license bureau ended right there in two hours of dismal intercourse. Clarence, when he got home that night, gave his necktie such a vicious yank that he tore it. Marion broke three hooks about the same time and got some mysterious laces all in a tangle.

"I never was more mistaken in a girl in my life," said Clarence to his mother; "I thought from her looks that she was read bright, but, ma, she hasn't got an idea in her head."

"Ma," Marion Church was saying, "I don't care if you have known his people for a thousand years. Clarence Sumpf is the worst wooden Indian I ever saw in my life. He can't open his mouth."

Silence is a gold brick.